

The World.

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AN OFFENSIVE ATTITUDE.

The stock of anthracite coal now on hand is 30,000,000 tons less of the normal supply, as by the statement of the President of the Hocking Coal and Iron Company. If every mine were to reopen to-day and run overtime and if every coal-carrying road were to put all its traction facilities to use to rush the mines' output to market the public demand could not be satisfied for months to come.

The fact that coal is not to be had at living prices by the poor and only as a favor by the well-to-do is bad enough. The certainty that conditions will get decidedly worse until with the coming of winter they reach a climax, is something to excite grave apprehension. Freezing weather would mean disease and death and riot. The prediction is not an alarmist one. It is sober prophecy in the light of admitted facts.

An official of one of the coal roads, voicing the operators' intentions, says: "We have taken our position on principle and if the public suffers it must place the blame where it belongs, on the striker, and not on the mine owner." The public may have placed the blame there once, but it sees with clearer vision now and knows that the burden of blame rests on the owners. And when it hears them say in effect, "We observe that you suffer, but what are you going to do about it?" it realizes to what a length of contemptuous presumption the operators have gone in their purpose to punish the strikers at the expense of the public.

Their attitude has become offensive and intolerable. Legal process should force them to end the strike and reopen the mines. The public welfare demands it at the sacrifice of any or all private interests and "principles."

"Dramatic Immorality."—A "Home Woman" writes to The World to say: "As the mother of some innocent matinee girls, for whose moral welfare I am solicitous, I beg to thank you for the article in your evening edition on 'Dramatic Immorality.' It is deplorable that the class of play you score should be allowed to run its polluting course without either an attempt at suppression by law or an emphatic protest from the public whom it insults in assuming to please. I thought people mentally and morally well regulated could not possibly enjoy a degrading theme. Why then the full houses? Are the people of New York Babylonians? Or is it that, amusements hungry, they take their money's worth and swallow their gorge with the badly tasting bill of fare, forgetting both immediately? I hope your crusade against dramatic immorality will have sweeping results."

THE CRAFT MURDER.

Is it a pleasing reflection that a pedestrian strolling a few steps off Broadway at one of its most brilliantly lighted corners could find himself at the entrance to a den of thieves? It is literally true that a man standing on the front steps of one of the Tenderloin's best known hotels would be within a stone's throw of the resort in which Capt. Craft was murdered and of similar dangerous resorts in its immediate neighborhood. It is distressing to learn that in this police precinct, the moral cleanliness of which Capt. Sheehan has repeatedly certified to, there are sixteen unsuppressed gambling-houses. In them, at least, a visitor is not done to death, whatever happens to his cash.

There are hundreds, even thousands, of strangers in New York who have passed over the route taken by Capt. Craft. They have gone into the same resorts, sat at the same tables, drank and caroused with the same hordes and escaped, so far as the police records go, with their lives. Fate was kinder to them than to the rich Long Island rounder. Certainly they have not the police to thank for their safety.

If such places are to exist, whether with or without the payment of blackmail, the police owe it to the city's reputation that they should be made safe for patrons by the actual supervision of detectives.

A MAGISTRATE'S REBUKE.

Magistrate Brann's rebuke of a policeman should not be permitted to pass unnoticed. The Magistrate, his mustache off, was speeding down Jerome avenue with two friends in an automobile. A mounted policeman overhauled and stopped the party and placed them under arrest for violating the speed law. Whereupon the Magistrate, holding court in the auto, declared officially that he was not going faster than the law allowed, discharged the prisoners and reprimanded the officer.

This was "quite American," an interesting shirt-sleeve administration of justice. It should teach officers not to be so zealously active in seeking to round up automobilists. What seems to the policeman a hot pace is frequently only a jog trot for an automobile.

A SCENE THAT FAILED.

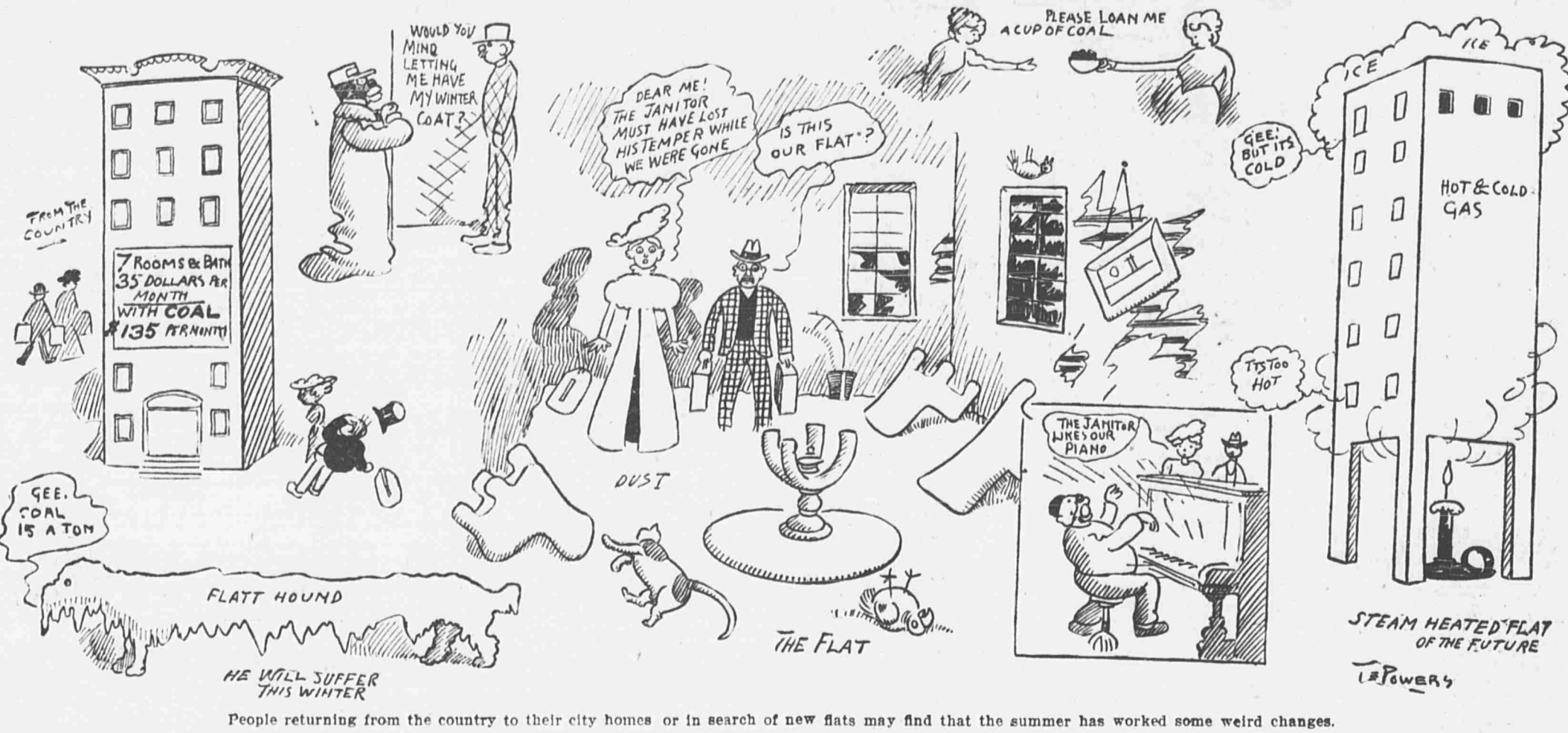
Harry Rose, actor and stage manager, became infuriated with a pretty actress some years ago and married her. In the intervals of quarrels the couple loved each other devotedly. But in a household where the husband stays out all night and the wife picks up admirers at the race track the course of true love runs even less smooth than elsewhere. Its interrupted course reached an end Saturday when Rose came home possessed of the idea that a rich man had wrecked his happiness and prepared to slay his unfaithful wife. He did the deed expeditiously and mercilessly, shooting down the luckless woman as she faltered at sight of the revolver. "You wouldn't hurt me, would you, Harry?" Poor girl! A sad rupture of the tie that was to bind "till death them do part"—a violent end at a jealous husband's hand.

The deed done, what was the murderer to do next? His dramatic training prompted him. Go to the police station, throw on the Captain's desk the weapon, still warm and perhaps still smoking, proclaim the guilty act and stand with folded arms awaiting the onset of the minions of the law. A third act "quick curtain" in real life, dramatic and thrilling, the actor in the centre of the stage and filled with self-importance.

But alas! a fiasco! No slow music, not even a sob in the audience. Only the exasperatingly calm voice of the Police Captain, accustomed to murders, grown callous about them and just now concerned with a more sensational one, asking matter of fact questions about details. No excitement, no thrill. A dramatic situation that failed, a coup de theatre that missed fire. Our sympathies go out to Rose.

COMING BACK TO NEW YORK FOR THE WINTER.

As Portrayed by Artist Powers.



People returning from the country to their city homes or in search of new flats may find that the summer has worked some weird changes.

CONFIDENCE IN HIM.



Helney—Dot burglar friend of yours is out from der jug and can't get a chob. Consequently, he has got it a discouraging. Looney—Ooh! Nether mind nothing. He will soon break into some line of planets. I bet me.

PAINFUL CASE.



Mrs. Rubba—How's Mrs. Chatter this morning, doctor? Doctor—Suffering terribly. Mrs. Rubba—What, with only a slight throat affection? Doctor—Yes, but she can't speak.

RED-LETTER DAY.



Judge—Why are you so positive, Mr. Suburban, that the event occurred on the date you mention? You might be mistaken. Mr. Suburban—Impossible, sir; it was the day I didn't have to do any shopping in town for my wife.

EXPLAINED.



Tourist—How queer! A jail in an Indian village! Rattlesnake Ike—Wa-al—er—yer see, podner, dese hyur is civilized Injuns.

KNEW THE SEX.



Husband—Are you going out this morning, my dear? Wife—Yes; just for a little while. I want to match a piece of silk at one of the stores. Husband—Very well; I'll save some dinner for you and put the kids to bed.

A FEW REMARKS.

It seems that Laura Biggar has just become aware of the mighty difference 'twixt the terms—"Millionaire" and "million heir."

"Elling" grows hatter each day. Soon he may resolve himself into cigarette smoke.

To insure the immediate discovery of the North Pole, let some genius spread the story that it is made of wood and worth \$12 a cord.

Despite the chill, New York has experienced "July weather" during the past week.

If England's offering our President a Colony as pledge of friendship's grip.

Why not return the tactful compliment And give King Ed a nice Ward Leadership?

The Town Hall Devery is said to have secured at Saratoga, isn't a patch on some of the hauls he is said to have secured in New York.

New Jersey's press agent must be working overtime nowadays.

A Long Island City woman thrashed a burglar. A seventy-year-old Jersey farmer knocked out two highwaymen. At this rate, a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Crooks may soon be formed.

Agricultural Report—"The weather of late has been especially beneficial to the pneumonia crop."

Putnam Bradley Strong is said to be writing a book about himself. The author may find trouble in making readers agree with his own opinion of his hero.

SOMEODIES.

GOSAGE, MRS. A. B.—of Rapid City, S. Dak., is the wife of the editor of the local paper, and frequently gets up the whole paper herself, being an expert typewriter and a clever writer.

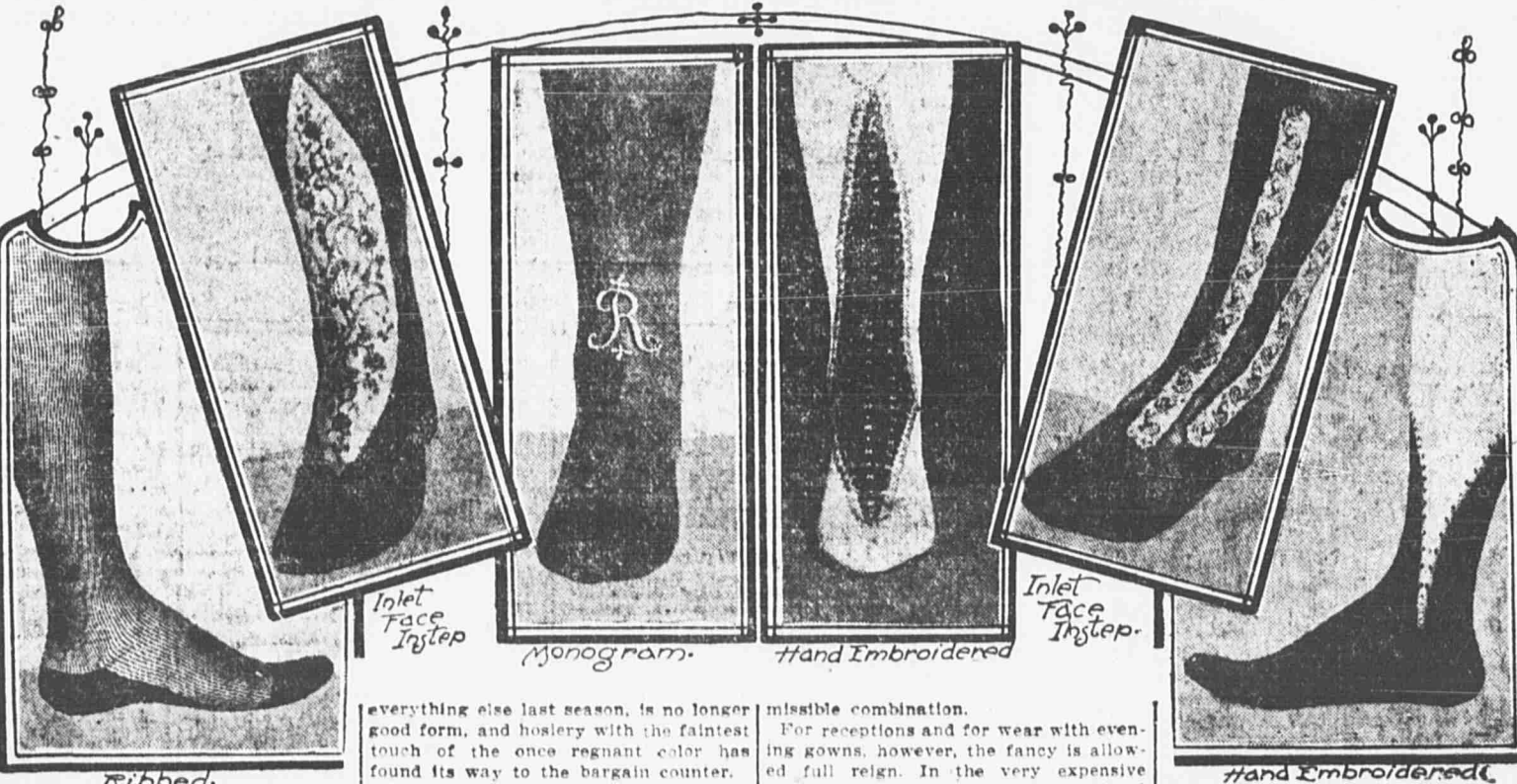
HOAR, SENATOR G. F.—is the finest classical scholar in the Senate, reading Latin and Greek authors for recreation.

HAGNER, MISS ISABEL—Mrs. Roosevelt's secretary, has received a bequest of \$100,000 through an aunt's will. SANDIN, C. L.—a clergyman, who accompanied the Baldwin Arctic expedition, has sailed for this country from England.

SHAH OF PERSIA—has given the Sultan of Turkey a copy of the diary he kept during his first visit to Europe in 1900. The Shah's literary style is said to be concise and excellent.

YANKOVSKY, GEORGE M.—a member of a rich Siberian family, is working as a farm hand in this country, in order to get a knowledge of agriculture.

UNIQUE STOCKINGS FOR WINTER WEAR.



With the approach of the autumn season the knell of the colored stocking has sounded. There were signs during the past summer that women were turning of the brightly-colored hosiery which had been so popular in the last two or three years.

Colors were still worn, but they were less startling in shade and combination of shades. Now, however, in all the large stores of New York the bargain-counters are filled with parti-colored hosiery for wear during the coming winter.

Stockings that have sold for \$1 or \$1.50 a pair are being disposed of for 25 cents, just because they have not the black foundation which fashion has decreed.

For the woman whose vivid fancy revels at some black there are, to be sure, combinations of black with light colors—such as pink and blue. Green, which was supreme in stockings as in

everything else last season, is no longer good form, and hosiery with the faintest touch of the once regnant color has found its way to the bargain counter.

For the street fashionable women will wear black stockings of lisle or silk as their purses dictate. The allover lace stockings so popular in the last two years are now seen only in the cheaper grades. Those with lace inset by hand or the inset, either in vertical bands or in a large diamond, have been substituted for house wear.

A decided novelty is the stocking made in a changeable effect ribbed showing all the way up, with contrasting color under the black surface. These stockings are seen only in black in combination with blue or red. A light foundation is never used.

For the woman who has the monogram fad there are black stockings in lisle or silk with the initial embroidered on the instep in white or colors, white being the best form. These stockings are of the very thin lisle or silk which is known as colweb.

Except for house or evening wear black and white is really the only permissible combination.

For occasions and for wear with evening gowns, however, the fancy is allowed full reign. In the very expensive novelties in stockings hand-embroidered effects are seen. At the present time the designs are of small flowers or neat, unobtrusive diamonds. A very pretty pair of black stockings is hand-embroidered on the instep, with sprays of pink forget-me-nots, with the leaves in the dull green of the natural foliage.

The craze for grapes has invaded the domain of hosiery, and the very latest novelty is a black silk stocking showing bunches of grapes embroidered in white silk.

The plaid fad also seems likely to be taken up, and to meet the demand that is expected orders for plaid effects have been placed with the manufacturers, but as yet none have appeared in the shops.

The stockings shown in the illustration were photographed exclusively for The Evening World by courtesy of the Simpson Crawford Company. They picture the very latest novelties in lisle thread and silk hosiery.

A pair of pink silk evening stockings is shown. The black feet are prolonged into a long pointed effect, extending half way up the leg in the front and back. Another pair for evening wear is of white, with a black instep hand embroidered in black and white.

Black and white or black with just a faint touch of color is the best form in stockings. A few of the more startling effects are still seen in the shops, but the dealers say they are manufactured almost exclusively for stage wear.

Wants to Hear from Soldiers. To the Editor of The Evening World: We used to read letters in your letter column from soldiers stationed at the various forts around New York City. The cavalry would give the "dough-boys," the infantry would "roast" the cavalry and both would laugh about the men who must carry the market

basket for officers' wives. It gave us a sort of insight into the workings of military life that is most fascinating to civilians, especially to us girls. Won't the soldiers write again about their life, &c? "GWEN."

Yes. To the Editor of The Evening World: Can a commercial course of study be taken in the Cooper Institute? ARTHUR C.

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JOKES OF OUR OWN.

THEN AND NOW.
She was a Summer Maiden. A Summer Man was he. They vowed eternal constancy beside the Summer Sea. But now at the typewriter a living she doth seek. While he yells "Cash" and measures tape for a pastry 9 per week.

NO DEFENSE TO HIM.
Tourist—He was such an unwearied talker, I don't wonder you shot holes in him. Aikali like—Yes, though he was tireless he got punctured at last.

IN DARKEST AFRICA.
"Yes, the cannibals converted the poor missionary into hash." "Made him a man of mystery, eh?"

THE CHANGE.
"Is he still a singer?" "No. Since he began getting \$100 a performance he's an artist."

BORROWED JOKES.
NO HELP THERE.
Wife—Oh! James, the cook is in a frightful temper. Husband—You don't say. Wait, I'll call in that big policeman, and— Wife—Sh! that's what's the matter with her. They've had a lovers quarrel.—Philadelphia Press.

STILL SMALL.
"What's D'Auber doing now? He started in drawing miniatures, but I heard he had given that up." "Well, the habit seems to cling to him." "Can't get away from it, eh?" "Not altogether. He's drawing a miniature salary now as a sign-painter."—Philadelphia Press.

AN EXCERPT.
We look before and after. And pine for what is not; Our sincerest laughter. With some pain is fraught. Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought. —To a Skylark.

THE CAPTURE OF A SHARK.
This striking photograph was taken by Herr Juergensen, of the German Emperor's yacht Hohenzollern, and represents the capture of a shark by the crew of that vessel when she had reached St. Thomas on her recent visit to America.

AUTOMATIC "HELLO" STATION.
An ingenious invention by a Russian engineer claims to make central offices for telephones unnecessary. The telephone apparatus has an arrangement which makes it possible for the operator to change his wire automatically to any subscriber he wishes. By merely turning a plate on which is inscribed the numbers 0 to 9 it is possible to call up any number required. If the person desired is absent a small notice appears stating that the bell has rung for a minute's duration, and that there is no answer. When the absent subscriber returns he finds the number of the man who called him up written on his machine, so that he may know who has been asking for him. If the desired number is in use a signal notifies this also. The French Government has adopted the system and the invention is gradually coming into operation all over France, care being taken to let the employees have a lengthy notice of the change contemplated. Limoges, Nimes and Dijon are already supplied with the new apparatus.

WINDSOR TERRACE.
Windsor Terrace boys to play in the parks, &c., and not on their own street. I wish to say that we have been forbidden to play in the ball grounds or the park in the evening. One evening we were playing in the park when an officer came along and told us that he would "fan" us if we did not get out quick, and said a lot of other things. We are not even allowed to play in the lots, where we do not disturb or harm any one. "Bobbie," you're a dream. Can you give any more advice to Windsor Terrace boys? "JOHNIE."

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TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Turn-Up Eightieth Street.
To the Editor of The Evening World: West Eightieth street, between Columbus and Amsterdam avenues, is torn up for the second time in three months. For what reason the residents don't seem to know. But what we do know is this: The Belgian blocks which paved the centre of the street are now stacked on the sidewalk where passers-by can bark their shins without too much effort. The centre of the street is one vast mud heap, where pools of water have lain for days. This strikes my unlearned mind as a fine

chance for typhoid. The rains have kept it this way. Can't the Health Board hurry up the work of repaving? At present our pretty street looks like a cross between a subway section and a country road. TAXPAYER.

Tardy "Q" Express Trains.
To the Editor of The Evening World: The Ninth avenue express train I take each morning is seldom less than four or five minutes late. This morning I got to my station three minutes before this train was due, and was thus enabled to take the express train before it (the train that should have gone

seven minutes earlier). Isn't all this delay a little old-fashioned for a big city that is trying to build up its rapid transit system? One might almost as well be a commuter. LATE TO OFFICE.

Wants to Hear from Soldiers. To the Editor of The Evening World: We used to read letters in your letter column from soldiers stationed at the various forts around New York City. The cavalry would give the "dough-boys," the infantry would "roast" the cavalry and both would laugh about the men who must carry the market

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